

This song was written by Isaac Watts A.D. & addressed
to Mr. Henry Smith.

The Indian Philosopher.

Why should our joys transform to pain?

Why gentle hymn's silken chain

A plague of iron prove?

Bendish, 'tis strange, the charm that binds

Millions of hands, should leave thine mind

At such a loose from love.

In vain I sought the wondrous cause,

Rang'd the wide fields of nature's laws,

And urg'd the schools in vain;

When deep in thought, within my breast

My soul stirr'd, ^{and} slumber dress'd

A bright instructive scene.

Over the broad lands and cross the tide,

On fancy's airy horse I ride,

(Sweet rapture of my mind!)

Till on the banks of Ganges' flood,

In a tall ancient grove I stood,

For sacred use ~~did~~ designed.

Hard by, a venerable Priest,

Risen with his god, the sun, from rest,

Awak'd the morning song;

Thrice he conjur'd the murmuring stream;

The birth of souls was all his theme,

And half divine his tongue

"He sang th' eternal rolling flame,

The vital mass, that, still the same,

Lies all our minds compose:

But shaped in twice ten thousand forms:

Thesee differing souls of differing natures ;
And jarring tempers, rose.

The mighty Power that formed the mind

One mould for every two designed,

And bless'd the new-born pair :

"This be a match for this (he said) :

"Then down he sent the souls he made,

To seek them bodies here.

But parting from thir warm abode -

They lost thir fellows on the road,

And never join'd thir hands.

Oh cruel chance, and crossing fates !

Our Eastern souls have ~~dropp'd~~ ^{dropp'd} their mates

(In Europe's barbarous Londs).

Happy the youth who finds his bride

Whose birth is to his own ally'd,

The greatest joy of life :

But O the crowds of wretched souls

"Fetter'd to minds of diff'rent moulds,

And chain'd to eternal strife ! "

"Thus sang the wondrous Indian bard ;

My soul with most attention heard,

While Ganges ceased to flow :

Sure then (I cry'd) might I but see

That gentle nymph who tripp'd with me

I might be happy too.

Some courteous angel tell me where,

What distant lands this unknown fair,

Or distant seas detain ?

Swift as the wheel of nature rolls

I'd fly, to meet, and mingle souls,

And wear the joyful chain.